

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 10, 1899, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. May 10th 1899. Dear Alec:

I am so sorry that Monday's letter did not go off, I found it all addressed and ready to go after Maria had left yesterday. You will see however that I did not mean to neglect you.

I asked Maria to tell you all about the party. If I had followed my own unassisted judgement I would have saved \$25.00 by not having the tent put up. But I did want it horribly and when the Weather Bureau telephoned me "showers in the afternoon but fair in the evening," I pinned my faith to that and went ahead between showers. My trust in the Weather Bureau received a death blow in the "showers" we had about five o'clock. All on the space of the time required for Mamma to get from her carriage up the steps, of course with the accompaniment of greetings from us all and the unloading of the flowers and vases she had brought, the clouds gathered black and ominous, the rooms, bright enough before, became dark enough got the electric lights and with a whirl the dust gathered and swept down the street before a perfect deluge of rain, hail and wind. In less time than it takes the water in the gutters was level with and overflowing the side walks, the occasional passers-by and bicyclist were running as for dear life or to a fire, and the cars did not stop to let down passengers. How the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed and every depression in my tent became a pond and in five minutes the ground became soaked beyond the power of anything known to dry before eight o'clock. However we did light the lanterns, 2 and spread the cocoanut matting and there was promenading between dances, and I found Gracie and some boy having a good time all by themselves in the wet tent. She at least took no harm, and I fetched her out in time to escape a scolding from her father, much to her entertainment. Elsie looked very pretty in her new dress, white with

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narrow red stripes. Daisy's dress was not quite right and that I fear spoilt the little girl's pleasure. I don't know however, she is not altogether happy, her mind somehow. I think she wants congenial occupation. She says she enjoyed writing the paper, and wants to remodel it for the Outlook. Please telegraph her what you think of that idea. I am really a little troubled about her. While I don't think she cares for the Major at all I do think he has upset her peace of mind, and made her restless and unsatisfied, she doesn't know why herself.

Please go and see Mrs. Kennan often. I am under many obligations to her for great kindness, now is your chance to be friendly, there is no one else now in Baddeck with whom she can talk.

Lovingly ever, Mabel.